

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

THE QUESTIONER.

WHEN Shakespeare wanted to express the tragedy involved in the smouldering out of the life of his most intellectual character, he did it by these words: "The rest is silence." He might have put it in another way, by saying that Hamlet would ask more questions. For that was his most disconcerting habit.

Keeping silence before a puzzling world, and a puzzling universe, is something that man has never done. The human being who just asked the reason for the first nightfall and the first appearance of the stars stood on the threshold of all modern scientific investigation.

So, if it were necessary to find a definition of man which would differentiate him from all the rest of creatures, it would be sufficient to say of him: "He is the animal that asks questions."

Rodney Kipling in a striking line called of "the law of the jungle." The writers of fables have not called the long bow in attributing to the beasts the sense of justice, even though they were making fun of society doing so. So the lion stands for the maker of rules, and the monkey for him who evades them.

So law is not peculiar to the children of Adam.

The animals know political economy. "Go to the ant thou sluggard," said King Solomon.

This little creature shows what can be done through the organized efforts of thousands of insects, whose operations could be stopped in a moment by the foot of a passing giant in the shape of a mischievous boy.

So business organization is not exclusively human.

It is impossible to look at the combs of a beehive without realizing that the creatures who made it know geometry and architecture.

The cells are so constructed as to give the maximum of strength with the minimum of expenditure in the way of material.

So the Brooklyn bridge, or the dome of St. Peter's, is not a proof of human superiority.

There is a solitary eagle to be seen every day, soaring over a lake in western Ontario. Once he had a mate, but she disappeared one winter. Since then the widower has never married. The natives say that it is the habit of these birds to be perpetually true to their first and only love.

So constancy is not the exclusive virtue of our race.

When Christ wanted to express his affection for Jerusalem, he could think of nothing better to say than that he would have gathered his people about him, as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings. This timid bird will see any peril if she thinks that her young are in danger.

In the same way the bear of the North woods, which will fly before man under ordinary circumstances, will fight to the death if she thinks her cubs are threatened.

So family affection and devotion do not set mankind apart from the rest of the animal kingdom.

Only the other day a raccoon at the Bronx zoological gardens in New York, was in danger of starving to death because the gatekeeper who had tamed him, had died.

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

AN AVERAGE JOB.

ARE you going to be content with an average job, which can be filled by any girl, or do you want a career? If the latter, you must recognize the importance of sound training.

Take two girls. Both determine that stenography is the opening they will seek. One takes the usual course and enters an office at the ordinary salary. She can do the average thing, and that is all.

The other girl isn't satisfied with such a future. She takes Spanish and French, and studies English, both commercial and cultivated. She studies the requirements of a big position, and works for it. She puts in an extra year of work before accepting a position and once at work she continues her studies.

She will be one of the few thoroughly equipped women for the position she has in mind. She will get that position in time. And she will be making two or three times what her friend makes at the end of ten years, and have, moreover, the assurance of a permanent position and real recognition. Because the thoroughly trained person is rare, and the firm who secures her won't let her go if it can help itself.

A girl can specialize in bank work, in technical work, secretarial work or in big business. And this is only in one line of stenography. There are hundreds of other lines, and in each the trained and ambitious worker will be at a premium. Don't be content with the average job.

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and petted him had been sent to the hospital. The animal would not take food from a stranger.

So fidelity and gratitude are not confined to the lords of creation.

But there is no reason to believe that the beasts of the jungle that have their hunting laws, or the ants that lay up their store for winter, or the bees that know practical geometry, or the eagle that mourns his dead wife forever, or the hen that protects her chickens, or the bear that is fearless of rifles, or the raccoon that is faithful to his master, ever asked any questions about the why and wherefore of things.

On the other hand, from the dawn of history, we find man worrying over the riddle of the universe. This too in spite of the fact that, even in the beginning of things he felt that he would never be able to solve it.

So he invented language to convey his questions to his neighbors and alphabets to write them down for his children. He invented mathematics in order to compute the motions of the stars.

By all his questioning he has succeeded in pushing back the curtain that hangs around his universe. Yet he knows perfectly well that in spite of all that his Newtons, Darwins, Einsteins and Curies may do, what Herbert Spencer called "the unknowable" will always elude him.

But as long as he follows the gleam he will be man, as God made him.

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LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

GEE AND HAW.

A FELLAH had a pair of mules That knew no laws and knew no rules But geed for haw and hawed for gee And went contrary generally. The damdest mules you ever see.

If both had geed when it was haw, While that ain't just exactly law, It would of worked out purty good, If once the thing was understood And they done what you thought they would.

But not these two. If old July, When you yelled "gee," to gee would try, Old January, 'tother one, Observin' what July had done, Would start to hawin' on the run.

So gee and haw and haw and gee, But never simultan'ously, They went through life, and kicked more dirt And done less work and done more hurt.

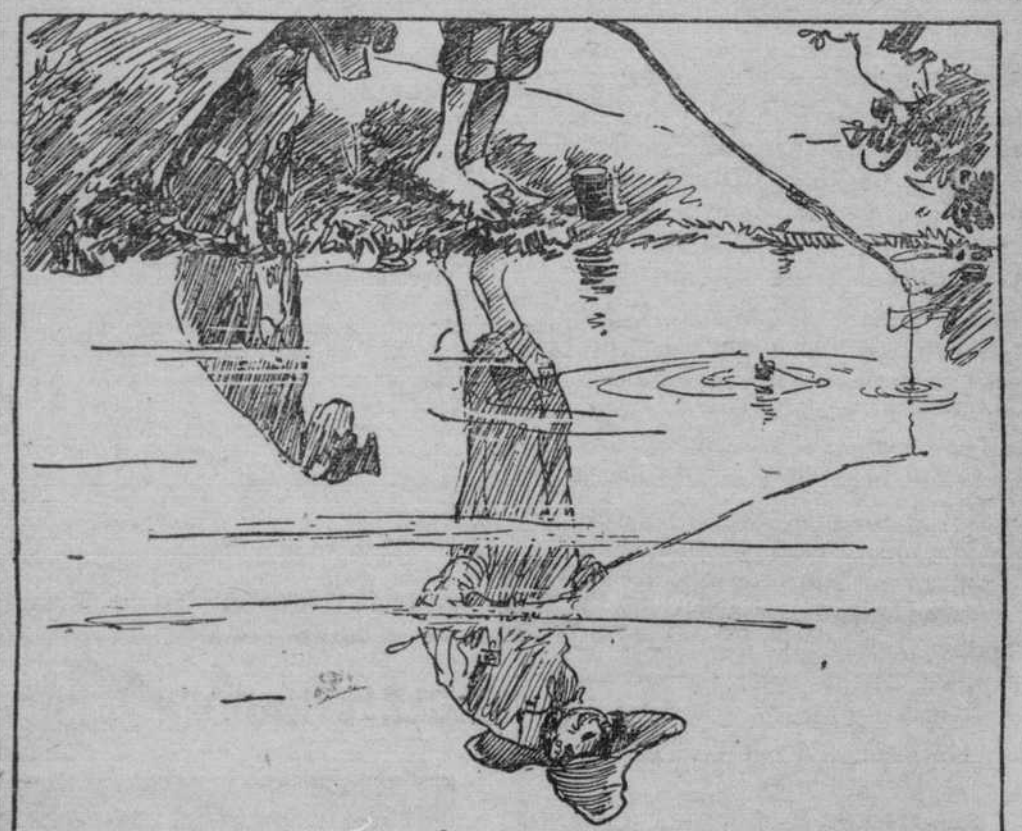
Than two hyenies, I assert. And I've seen folks just like them mules,

Who wed, but never read the rules, Who didn't know you had to wear The marriage collar fair and square And pull together everywhere.

One can't have haw and one have gee: To gee or haw you must agree And then go forward, gee or haw, Accordingly, without no jaw— And that's good sense, and that's good law.

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SCHOOL DAYS



Sick 'im, Dan!

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Mother's Cook Book

The wisest pilgrim is the one who goes Along the highway, hour by hour content.

To take the rain or shine the skies have sent; Who counts his riches in each budded rose; Each song the thrush through vernal branches throws; Each marvel of the sunrise; each dusk blent; Of mystery and fragrant sacrament; Each star that in the heaven burns and glows.

PALATABLE DISHES.

A HANDFUL of green onions, a cupful of cooked rice, a cupful of thick white sauce, a cold hard-cooked egg and a little cheese may make a very palatable luncheon dish. Cook the tender young onions until well done; drain. Butter a small baking dish and put in the rice, cover with the drained onions, add a sprinkling of grated cheese the white sauce and bake until bubbling hot. Serve from the dish. The rice should be well seasoned with butter, or with a chicken broth while it is cooking.

Banana Cream.

Slice three ripe bananas, press through a sieve, a small box of crushed strawberries, reserving part of the juice; beat together lightly and set on ice to cool. Serve in glass cups with whipped cream to which has been added the reserved strawberry juice. Serve very cold.

During the hot weather the simple and less expensive desserts appeal to the housewife. Frozen dishes, when prepared at home, are always acceptable and cost very little.

Lemon Sherbet.

Take three lemons, two cupfuls of sugar and a quart of rich milk. Mix the sugar and lemon juice, add a grated rind if desired, then stir in the milk. The mixture will curdle but when frozen will be smooth and very palatable. Serve in sherbet glasses.

Neelie Maxwell
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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"BLIGHTY."

THE number of slang words and phrases which have slipped into the language by reason of the Babel which resulted when men of many nations gathered in the great melting pot of the allied army is a long one, but one of the most typical is "blighty"—the English colloquial equivalent for "home."

Prior to the commencement of the recent great World war the majority of the British army was stationed in India and much of their slang consisted of words and phrases adapted from the language of the natives. "Belait" is a common Indian name for England, and, as if to add another parent to the ancestral tree of "blighty," the inhabitants of Hindustan speak of "home" as "bhilati." The similarity of the two expressions naturally impressed the British soldier, and it was not long before he corrupted them into "blighty"—using it as a noun when he referred to his native soil and as an adjective when he wanted to express something connected with his return. A "blighty wound," therefore, meant an injury serious enough to necessitate being sent back home to England. While the word failed to gain great popularity among the American soldiers, it appeared with considerable frequency in stories and reports from the front and will doubtless be used far more widely than before.

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Potentially Genuine.

"Waiter, I ordered chicken soup. What do you call this?"
"That's it, sir—young chicken soup."
"Young chicken soup! What do you mean by that?"
"Well, it's the water we boiled the eggs in, sir."—Boston Transcript.

The SANDMAN STORY

THE SAUCY CLOUDS.

ONE night as Mr. Moon-man looked over the tops of the trees and mountains he saw a number of fleecy little clouds scudding about.

"O dear!" sighed Mr. Moon-man. "I am afraid I shall have trouble tonight with those saucy little clouds. I was hoping as I came up that they would be in another part of the sky instead of right in the place where I want to shine."

Mr. Moon-man was right; he was to have trouble with the saucy, fleecy little clouds, and just as his bright face peeped over the treetops all the little fleecy clouds scudded right into his face.

Mr. Moon-man ducked and dodged until at last he found a space between



the saucy little clouds to shine upon the earth below, but no sooner had he done so than the little clouds danced and frolicked in front of him until he was quite hidden again.

Mr. Moon-man is a very nice old fellow, so he said very pleasantly: "Go along with you and play in another part of the sky. There is plenty of room without getting right in front of me so the Earth folk can't see my light."

But the saucy little clouds were bent on having fun, and fun they intended to have, and all at poor Mr. Moon-man's discomfort.

He had just found a nice big place to shine through when all those saucy little clouds began to dance right in front of him again. First, they would hide his bright face completely, and

then they would scud away and let him shine a minute, only to scud in front of him again.

At last the old man lost his patience and sent a message by a star for the old Sky Witch. "Tell her to hurry," he told the little messenger, "for I have lost a great deal of time now."

Old Sky Witch came hurrying along on her broomstick, her long black cape floating behind her like a big cloud.

"Well, here I am," she said, "what can I do for you?"

"Hurry as fast as ever you can to the four corners of the Earth and tell the winds to come here quickly; or I shall not be able to shine at all tonight," said Mr. Moon-man.

Old Sky Witch did not stop even to ask what was the matter, but off she flew and was soon out of sight, and all the time the saucy little clouds kept on bothering Mr. Moon-man.

He did not have to wait long, for as soon as the winds got the message from the Witch they blew quickly to help Mr. Moon-man out of his trouble.

"Away with you, you little tormentors!" called the winds, as they blew from north, south, east and west, and scudding away as fast as they could the saucy little clouds were soon in a faroff part of the sky and old Moon-man sent his bright beams on the Earth without being disturbed.

"Thank you," said Mr. Moon-man; "sorry to call on you at this time in the night, but those saucy clouds were pestering me beyond endurance."

"Oh, that's all right," answered the winds; "we are always glad to help a friend," and away they blew and left the night all still, but the big Earth was bright with the happy smile of Mr. Moon-man.

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The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

IN A STRANGE TOWN.

"I am not a Virginian—but an American."—Patrick Henry.

IT IS always a bad idea to knock the other man's home town. Especially poor policy is it when you are making your living there. Yet there are always young men—and women, too—who seem to take peculiar satisfaction in passing uncomplimentary comments on the city or town of their adoption. They don't seem to remember that the man or woman who is at home in that town is in a position of host and that to make scathing remarks about the town is almost as rude as to make scathing remarks about the house of the man whose guest you are. Especially is this so when the town is small. The stranger in a town like New York or Chicago really harms no one but himself when he continues to pour forth his disgruntlement over the city of his temporary sojourn. No one takes offense. At most they are bored or amused. But when a stranger in a small town assures the natives that it is away behind the times, that the buildings are atrocious, the streets the worst paved in the country, the restaurants and hotels the worst run, the women the plainest and the movies the oldest he is giving real offense, besides, of course, making himself very unpopular.

It really indicates nothing more than

a person's own narrowness to "knock" another town in this way. If the man from a large city goes to a small one he should take it for granted that things would be different. If a Northerner goes South he should bear in mind that Southern climates make people more indolent and he should remember that if he remains there long enough he, too, will possess something of that indolence. And if a Southerner goes North he should remember that the natives of the northern cities have really nothing to do with the raw climate and that the very progressiveness which has brought him North to do business robs daily intercourse of some of the charming courtesy that makes Southern life so different.

The real man of the world soon forgets any local prejudices he may have, or rather he is wise and well bred enough to forget them. He realizes that it is through no fault of the natives of the town where he sojourns that he has to remain among them and that theoretically at least he is free to leave the town if he does not like it. Just at present there are a good many shifts in business and industry. The end of the war and demobilization of the soldiers and the closing of certain war industries and the beginning of other peace industries have made it inevitable that a good many young men should find themselves in a new environment. City men find themselves in the country or village, and country and village men find themselves for the first time in the big cities; Easterners find themselves in the West, Westerners find themselves East. Northerners awake to the fact that great opportunities await in the land of cotton and Southerners on disembarking in the northern ports discover that there are opportunities for them there that they have not at home. If you are one of these young men in a new environment show your good sense and good breeding by not knocking the town of your sojourning.

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"What's in a Name?"

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

By MILDRED MARSHALL

ALICIA.

THIS name is derived from the same root as Alice, and represents an attempt at greater euphony. The curious part of it is that the name, in its original form, is really not that of a woman at all, but of a man. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon Adelgis of which the feminine form was Adelgisa, but was not frequently given to women. Instead it was sacred to the sons of the house, principally among the nobility. The name itself means noble, in both its masculine and feminine forms.

The name is purely English, having, however, a slight Teutonic flavor. An argument is put forward by some experts that the name is derived from the Frankish Adalbert on Adelchen, meaning "daughter." Alix or Alisa in Lombardy was naturalized in England when Alix la Belle married Henry I.

The name, originally masculine, according to the best authorities, however, represents Adelgis and not Adelgisa, making the proper feminine form Aliza. Some believe that Eliza, generally believed to be a derivative of Elizabeth is this missing form. For proof of Aliza as the representative of Adelgisa, the Liber Vitas of Durham records the changes in Adelgisa from the first noble lady of that name, who laid her gifts upon the altar. By con-

traction it became Adeliza and Aliza. The talismanic stone of Aliza is the Alexandrite, a Russian gem. It is found in the emerald mines of that nation, being of a beautiful green shade which changes to columbine red. The Russians believe it brings great good fortune. When the subject of its favorite's dream it signifies hope. Monday is Aliza's lucky day and seven her lucky number. Her flower is the white hawthorne, a beautiful bud.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

TOLERANCE.

AS WEEDS are part of nature's plan So do I think is weedy man. The deadly nightshade and the rue Hold deep within some purpose true That in a world of floral love I know not of— And so for them that fail, and err, The weeds of human character, I'll judge them not, for deep within Their outer semblances to sin May lie some bit of gold that we Too prone to judgments cannot see.

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Mary Miles Minter



This is charming Mary Miles Minter, the winsome and famous film favorite, photographed as she sailed for Europe. Miss Minter goes abroad to rest and see the sights.



THE WORD "RUBBER."

THE material which we now know as "rubber" was formerly called elastic gum. One of the earliest uses of this gum had been to erase marks on paper, and the chemist, Priestly, in about 1770, suggested that the material which erased or "rubbed" so effectively should be called "India rubber." His suggestion was adopted, and the name soon became universal.

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